

V E R S E S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

By J. E A R L E, Chaplain to His
Grace the Duke of *Douglas*.



L O N D O N :

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T O

Mrs. Susanna Langford.

HONOURED MADAM,



*THE following
VERSES were
written at di-
stant Times, and upon
various Occasions, and*
A 2 (as

Epistle Dedicatory.

(as will be very easily observ'd) in a very different Temper of Mind, and degree of Application. They were design'd at first only for my own Amusement and the Gratification of a few particular Friends, and are offer'd to You in this manner, merely because You insisted upon it. Those who know the Obligations under which your Goodness has laid me, will not wonder at my Compliance : And all
who

Epistle Dedicatory.

*who are acquainted with
your earnest desire to
promote real Religion,
will agree that You had
a very good Design, what-
ever Opinion they may
entertain of the Means
You have us'd to reach it.*

*As Poetry is not my
Profession, I shall be very
little solicitous about the
Censures of those who
profess a Skill in these
Matters, and shall flatter
myself with no other Hope
than this modest one,
That*

Epistle Dedicatory.

That this Collection may fall into the Hands of some who can relish the Subject, and are not Critics enough to be disgusted at the Manner, or however are devout enough to sacrifice their Critical Skill to their Spiritual Delight.

*“ A truly Spiritual
“ Taste will keep well
“ disposed Minds so in-
“ tent to the Weight and
“ Seriousness of the Mat-
“ ter, as not to leave them
“ at*

Epistle Dedicatory.

*“ at leisure for little im-
“ pertinent Criticisms,”
as good Mr. Billingsley
expresses himself in his
Preface to the metrical
Composures of Mr. Dan.
Burgess, a Man who had
a much greater share of
Learning, good Sense and
Wit too, than very many
of those who have affected
to be Witty upon his
Public Performances.*

*To such as Mr. Bil-
lingsley describes, the fol-
lowing Lines are offered
in*

Epistle Dedicatory.

in the same manner as the ordinary Sermons of plain Preachers, who have not Vanity enough to set up for Orators, and yet can speak to the Advantage of Honest Minds, who attend to the Importance of what is seriously deliver'd, without being offended at such Irregularities in the Composition, or Defects in the Pronunciation, as would put a mere Critic out of all Patience. As Men of a good

Epistle Dedicatory.

good Constitution and in full Health, tho' they know what it is to eat well, can feed with pleasure upon any thing that is wholesome, tho' not elegantly drest.

*Happy are those of this Temper, and the Crown and Joy of such who minister to them in their Spiritual Concerns, especially such of them as have Skill enough to judge of our Performances, and yet do not think
fit*

Epistle Dedicatory.

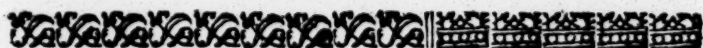
*fit in their great Wisdom
to despise their Teachers
and prejudice their own
Souls. In such a one I
am happy, and acknow-
ledge it upon this Oc-
casion, not so much to
do You Honour, as to
propose your Example
to others; especially such
of your Relations as
are of Quality and Di-
stinction. If You will
please to forgive me in
this, I will excuse You
the Trouble of all the
rest*

Epistle Dedicatory.
*rest which might justly
be said in your Com-
mendation by,*

M A D A M,

Your most Oblig'd,
most Obedient and
humble Servant,

J A. E A R L E.



Errata in the Running Title.

For HYMNS read VERSES.





H Y M N S

O N

Various Occasions.

I.



Waken'all thy Powr's, my Soul,
Extend thy Wings and soar
on high,
Visit the glorious Realms
which lie

Beyond the Orbs, where Stars unnumber'd
(roll,

II.

As thou partak'st of Life Divine,
Leave those of a less noble Birth,
Meanly to grovel on the Earth,
And all their Views to earthly Things
(confine.

B

Let

III.

Let those who have no higher taste
 Embrace a Dunghil and regale
 On Husks and Trash, and set to sale
 A Soul, for Things which in the using waste.

IV.

Do thou mount up, ev'n to th' Seat,
 The Throne of the Eternal King,
 And mix thy self with those who sing
 Him infinitely Good as well as Great.

V.

See how the heavenly Courtiers shine,
 In Rays reflected from his Face!
 Mind how the Objects of his Grace
 Look Royal, all like Him, and all Divine.

VI.

See how their Crowns celestial glow
 With living Gems; see how they hold
 Victorious Palms and Harps of Gold;
 And hearken how th' harmonious Numbers

VII.

(flow.

Survey th' extended Plains of Light,
 The Fruits and Streams of Paradise,
 And Mansions of the Sons of Bliss,
 Than burnish'd Gold or Sun-beams far

VIII.

(more bright.

But chiefly on that glorious Face
 Let thy admiring Eye be fixt,
 Where Majesty with sweetness mixt.
 Charms and amazes all the heav'nly Race.
 This

Various Occasions.

3

IX.

This is thy JESUS, this is He,
Who once the Place where now he shines,
Left to accomplish those Designs
Which Love engag'd him in, ev'n love for
(thee.

X.

He who thus sits upon the Throne,
To whom all Angels Homage pay,
Dy'd on the Cross for thee. O may
My Heart be ever his, and his alone.



I.

'T Is true, and I shall find it so,
This World's a vain vexatious thing,
Which never to a Heav'n-born Soul
Did or can Satisfaction bring.

II.

Let me be wise at length and make
The vain Experiment no more,
Th' attempt a thousand times renew'd
Will fail, as it has heretofore,

III.

Can ever this gross Earth afford
Immortal Fruits to feed a Soul?
Can a celestial Spirit find
Rest upon Waves that ever roll?

B 2

No,

IV.

No, 'tis impossible, and so
 I'll other Methods try and see,
 My Soul, if I can elsewhere find
 Provision and repose for thee.

V.

Lift up thy Eyes to that bright Roof
 Where Orbs innumerable shine;
 Beyond it sits inthron'd a God,
 A God who's willing to be thine.

VI.

In Thought thou instantly canst spring,
 And swifter than the Light ascend
 Up, where his glorious Honour dwells,
 And He a gracious Ear will lend.

VII.

Tell him thou canst not find Content
 In all the wide Creation's Field:
 There's nought can suit or fit thy Mind,
 Or proper Satisfaction yield.

VIII.

Tell him thou see'st his Glory shine,
 And wilt upon it ever look:
 Tell him thou long'st to taste his Love,
 And canst Delays no longer brook.

IX.

Tell him thou art and wilt be his,
 And he shall be for ever thine,
 That in his Gospel he has drawn
 The Covenant which thou wilt sign.

Nor

X.

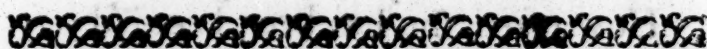
Nor fear he'll in displeasure frown,
He that has given his Son for thee,
Will not deny, on his account,
Thy Father and thy Friend to be.

XI.

As such he'll guide thee with his Eye,
Uphold thee with his mighty Arm,
Comfort thee with his heavenly Word,
And cover with his Wings from harm.

XII.

So through the various Turns of Life,
Still shalt thou take thy peaceful Way,
And chearful thro' Deaths gloomy Shade,
Pass to the Realms of endless Day.



I.

AND why, my Soul, so much averse
To dying? Why so loth to go
Away from hence? What is it here
That charms and captivates thee so?

II.

When thou shalt take thy Flight aloft,
Shalt thou leave any thing behind
In which thou didst intire Repose
And perfect Satisfaction find?

B 3

Hast

III.

Haſt thou not ſaid a thouſand times,
 And is it not thy preſent ſenſe,
 Vanity and Vexation's all
 To which the World can make pretence?

IV.

How often has thy hopeful Bloom
 Met with an unexpected Blaſt?
 And has not oft the ripen'd Fruit
 prov'd but inſipid to thy Taſte?

V.

Call to thy Mind the Toils, the Cares,
 The ſettled Griefs and ſudden Frights,
 And all the hurrying Thoughts which made
 Uneaſy Days and reſtleſs Nights.

VI.

However, Can my Soul forget
 How often ſhe has been beguil'd
 By this falſe World! How often here
 She has been wounded and deſil'd!

VII.

How often ſhe has wept and cry'd,
O had I Pinions like a Dove,
I'd fly from this enchanting World,
I'd ſoar on high and dwell above!

VIII.

Can ſhe forget when to her Lord
 She has ſome near approaches made,
 And taſted his delicious Fruits,
 Sitting beneath the ſpicy Shade?

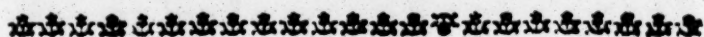
How

Various Occasions.

7

IX.

How, burning with the purest Flame,
This was the Language of her Heart,
Now *Jesus take me to thy self,*
And let us never, never part.



Hezekiah's Song. Isa. 38.

I.

When the sad Message I receiv'd
From him who is the Lord of Life,
That to the remnant of my Days
He would apply the fatal Knife,

II.

Alas, said I, the Time is come,
I must be gone (there's no Reprieve)
To my long Home, the gloomy House
Appointed for each Man that lives.

III.

Fondly I thought I'd Time in store,
And should have many a Year surviv'd,
But by th' Almighty's high Decree,
Of that remainder I'm depriv'd.

IV.

No more shall I behold the Lord
In *Zion*, where his Honour dwells :
No more with Men in Worship join,
And unto them his Glory tell.

V.

My Time's expir'd, my Life is gone,
 Death's Work's dispatch'd without delay,
 As easily as Shepherds Tents
 Are taken down and born away.

VI.

The Sovereign Righteous Lord cuts off
 My Life by pining fore Disease,
 As they that o'er the Loom preside,
 Cut off the Web when'er they please.

VII.

My Heart fore-boded at the Dawn,
 That I could not survive till Night,
 And when the Darknefs shut in Day,
 That I no more should see the Light :

VIII.

While others blest with sweet Repose,
 Protract their Slumber into Day,
 I trembling look'd to be dispatch'd,
 Sudden as Lions crush their Prey.

IX.

Unintermitting were my Cries,
 Like Swallows, and as loud as Cranes,
 I mourn'd as the distressed Dove
 Which for her absent Mate complains.

X.

My Eyes were weary while I look'd
 Upward, imploring Help from Thee,
 And cry'd in vain from Death's arrest,
 Lord, interposing set me free!

This

Various Occasions.

9

XI.

This was my Case! but in what Words
Shall I extol him who repeal'd
The killing Sentence, and revers'd
My Doom, who sent his Word and heal'd.

XII.

While the remainder of my Years
Pass smoothly on, I'll spend my Days
In humbly walking with that God
Who turn'd my Mourning into Praise.

XIII.

O Lord, Man's Life depends on Thee,
Thy gracious Word and pow'ful Hand,
By these my fleeting Soul was stay'd,
And I'm in Life at thy Command.

XIV.

When blest with every sweet of Life,
I thought my Peace beyond controul,
Thy Hand prepar'd a wrathful Cup,
And Bitterness o'erspread my Soul.

XV.

And when despairing of Relief
I thought each Moment was my last,
Thy Love recall'd me from the Pit,
And all my Sins behind Thee cast.

XVI.

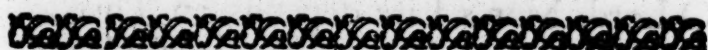
These Changes thy great hand has wrought,
Which those who in the silent Grave,
By Death are lodg'd, can't celebrate,
Nor trust in Thee that Thou wilt save.

XVII.

But those who by thy Favour live,
 While living, on thy Praise shall dwell,
 Like me, and in immortal Verse
 Thy Truth to after Ages tell.

XVIII.

Because He was my ready Help,
 While I have Breath I'll praise the Lord
 Uniting all harmonious Sounds,
 Where He his mighty Name records.



J U D G M E N T.

I.

I Find it must be so!
 The Day will surely come,
 And quickly too, when all Men shall
 Receive their final Doom.

II.

But O! who duly bears
 That awful Day in Mind?
 How very few upon their Heart
 And Ways its Influence find

III.

Did Men more frequently
 Admit this solemn Thought,
 That God will them to Judgment bring,
 What Changes would be wrought!

The

Various Occasions.

11

IV.

The lust of Wealth and Fame,
Or Pleasures, nothing true
Could never so bewitch them, if
They kept this Day in view,

V.

Could they their Time mispend,
And squander Life away
Thus prodigally, if they thought
Of the great Reckoning-Day?

VI.

As my Account now stands,
Amazing great's my Score,
And every unregarded Hour
Will still inflame it more.

VII.

Then sue thy Pardon out,
My Soul, for Errors past,
That all may be behind his Back,
As quite forgotten cast.

VIII.

And cry for Grace to help,
That in all future Time, (tain
Towards God and Man thou may'st main-
A Conscience free from Crime.

IX.

For these apply thy self
To this blest Advocate :
But do it now ; delay one Hour
And it may be too late.

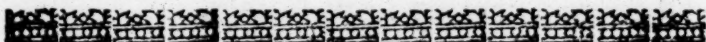
Know

X.

Know that as Death shall find
Thee, so shall Judgment too;
And if thou art not found in Him,
O! whither must thou go?

XI.

But if in Him thou art,
Thy Sins all cancell'd are,
For sure his Righteousness will be
Allow'd at his own Bar.



The Christian's Witness.

I.

THrough all the Stages of my Life,
Since first my Pilgrimage begun,
Thy Goodness, Lord, in constant Streams,
Fast by my Paths has ever run.

II.

And now the Harbingers of Death
Their Master's near approach proclaim,
To seize my Body for the Grave,
Tho' Heaven does my Spirit claim.

III

The short uncertain Time He stays
I must endeavour to improve,
And while my feeble Breath allows,
I'll witness to thy Truth and Love.

O!

IV.

O! if I had an Angel's Voice,
And could be heard from Pole to Pole,
I would to all the list'ning World
Publish thy Goodness to my Soul.

V.

Before I knew from whence I sprung,
Or unto what I was design'd;
Before I thought at all of Thee,
Or ought that's heav'nly and divine:

VI.

Yea, while I wander'd heedless, where
A wild Imagination led,
And ne'er consulted ought but Flesh,
What Paths 'twas proper I should tread;

VII.

While divers Lusts and Pleasures rul'd,
And I, unthinking Wretch, obey'd,
Neither desirous of thy Love,
Nor duly of thy Wrath afraid.

VIII.

Thou didst preserve my precious Life,
My much more precious Soul to save,
Thy Love allow'd the choicest Means,
And space for true Repentance gave.

IX.

At length the blest appointed Time
The Time for my deliv'rance came,
Thy Grace awaken'd me, I saw
My Guilt, my Nakedness and Shame.

The

X.

The flaming Sword of Justice high,
 Over my guilty Head I saw,
 And heard the Cries of those in Hell,
 Who once, like me, despis'd thy Law.

XI.

Confounded and amaz'd I cry'd,
 Altho' I knew not how to pray,
 Wo! Wo is me! the Devils stand
 Ready to drag my Soul away.

XII.

Thou saw'st and pitied'st my Case,
 And strait a Thought sprung in my Mind,
 The Lord is Merciful, and who
 Can tell but I may Mercy find?

XIII.

Thou open'st then these Lips to pray,
 Which ever shall shew forth thy Praise,
 I beg'd forgiveness of my Sins,
 And vow'd to walk in Wisdom's Ways.

XIV.

Thou gav'st me Hope, and by thy Help
 I broke with my beloved Sin,
 And set myself to learn thy Paths
 Of Righteousness, and walk therein,

XV.

Thou taught'st me necessary Truths,
 And mad'st them sweet unto my Soul;
 Thou gav'st thy awful Threat'ning weight,
 Rising Corruptions to controul.

Thy

XVI.

Thy Promises refresh'd my Heart,
And drew me off from vain Delights,
And meditation on thy Love
Made chearful Days and pleasant Nights.

XVII.

Thou, when my subtle Enemy
Drew me to Pride and Selfconceit,
And mine own Righteousness was made,
For my Destruction, the Bait,

XVIII.

Didst leave me to myself a while,
That I might learn to know myself,
And for the future cautious be
Of running on that dangerous Shelf.

XIX.

And when distressed by my Falls
I thought myself intirely lost,
Thou led'st me to a Righteousness
Prepar'd for me without my Cost.

XX.

When I've, in an ungarded Hour,
Stumbl'd or wander'd from the Way,
Thy Grace has still my Soul restor'd,
Sought kindly and brought back the stray.

XXI.

When in a cold and lifeless frame
I've done thy Work with backward Heart,
Thy Love has gently us'd the Rod,
And quicken'd while it made me smart.
When

XXII.

When harass'd with distressing Thoughts
I've to myself a Terror been,
Thou hast my Sorrows gently sooth'd,
And caus'd a heav'nly Calm within.

XXIII.

When Thoughts of Death have terrify'd
My too too unprepared Soul,
By Thee I have the dreadful Foe
Been made with Comfort to behold.

XXIV.

When musing on the Judgment-Day,
And that Account I have to give,
Half dead with Fear: At thy Command
A Thought of JESUS made me live.

XXV.

When, conscious of my Weakness, I
Have thought I could not persevere,
Oft hast Thou said, *My Grace for thee*
Sufficient is, thou need'st not fear.

XXVI.

When anxious Cares about the World,
Disturb'd the quiet of my Mind,
Thou'st whisper'd, Art not thou my Child?
And can thy Father be unkind.

XXVII.

When Sickness, Pain, Reproach, or Loss
Of Substance, Relatives, or Friends,
Had introduc'd a mournful Gloom,
Thou didst me Light and Comfort send.
With

XXVIII.

With unexpected Troubles came
As unexpected Help from Heav'n,
And when the Thing I fear'd, befel,
The Aids I had implor'd, were given.

XXIX.

Trials I thought I could not stand,
I've often chearfully gone through,
And when I fear'd a stunning Stroke,
Thy Hand has warded off the Blow.

XXX.

Good Things and Evil have been blest,
And wrought for Good, (as Thou hast
Yea, Sin's most deadly Poison hath (said :)
Been to my Soul medicinal made.

XXXI.

Ten thousand Favours I've forgot,
And many I have never known,
Nor can, till Heavens high Records
Shall to my wondring Soul be shown.

XXXII.

For that blest Time I humbly wait,
And find my waiting can't be long,
I'll praise Thee with my dying Breath,
And then begin another Song. *Amen.*

Matt. xxvi. 24.

— *It had been good for that Man,
if he had never been born.*

I.

UNhappy Judas! who for worthless
(Pelf,
Betray'd his Master and destroy'd himself;
Fearless he sin'd, and then despair'd of Grace,
And harden'd plung'd into his proper Place.
In vain, alas, do Men at ease dispute,
And common Sense with subtle Querks
(confute,
From Him who can't deceive the Truth we
(know.
'Tis better not to be, than be in endless
(Woe.

II.

He felt Remorse, confess'd his Crime, and
(strait,
Disgorg'd the fatal tempting silver Bait,
Seeming Repentance! yet alas, he fell,
For want of Faith, into the lowest Hell;
No Pity finds from those who him employ:
What's it to us? See thou to that, they cry:
But might have found from GOD, had he
(but known
The Blood his Treason shed, his Treason
(could atone.
2 Sam.

2 Sam. vii. 28.

Thy Words be true.

I.

O Lord, while blinded Nations serve
Dead Idols, false Divinities,
To Thee, the living God and true,
Alone thy Churches Sacrifice.

II.

False Gods are like themselves, a Lye.
But like Thyself thy Words be true,
Thy Declarations all contain
The strictest Truths, tho' strange and new.

III.

What Thou revealest of thyself,
Creation Work and Providence,
Wonders of Justice and of Grace,
Is true, tho' most surpassing Sense.

IV.

Thy Promises are all sincere,
And shall exactly be fulfill'd,
Upon this Rock thy People all
Their Hope and Expectations build.

V.

Thy Holiness abhors a Lye,
Thy Wisdom's from Mistake exempt,
Thy Power, which all Events controlls,
Can never fail in an Attempt.

False

VI.

False Man may purposely deceive,
Frail Man may change, or want the Means
Thro' crofs Events, to keep his Word,
And fail the Friend who on him leans.

VII.

But thou, Lord, canst no more deceive
Than be deceiv'd, thy every Thought
And Purpose shall infallibly
To full Accomplishment be brought.

VIII.

That to thy Word Thou hast been just,
All Records Testimony bear,
Thy thankful People witness this
And baffled Enemies declare.

IX.

What Thou hast really engag'd,
Tho' not what some may think thou hast,
In the true meaning of the Words
Has been fulfill'd, or shall at last.

X.

Lord, this we now believe, and wait
Till the great opening Day shall shew,
To the Conviction of the World,
That every Word of thine was true.

XI.

May I, my God, thy Image bear,
Be ever strictly Faithful found.
To each Engagement, Oath and Vow,
By which my Soul to Thee is bound.

Do

XII.

Do I not chuse Thee for my God,
And scorn whate'er would rival Thee?
Is not the Holy JESUS dear,
Beyond ten thousand Worlds, to me?

XIII.

Is not that Word which does Command,
As dear as that which Promises?
And when I hear thy awful Threats,
Does not my Soul a Trembling seize?

XIV.

Are not those Promises most sweet
Which hold forth Things that are above,
Where JESUS sits inthron'd, and Hosts
Of glorious Spirits sing and love.

XV.

Thy gracious Promise is the Ground
And Guide of all my Prayer and Praise,
While I by Observation find,
Thou dost not worthless me despise.

XVI.

And tho' with eager Longings, Lord,
My Soul doth even break, while I,
Expect my JESUS; yet Thon seest
That I can wait as well as cry.

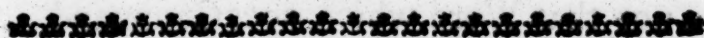
XVII.

If through thy rich free sov'reign Grace
And boundless Mercy Things are so,
I may, I must these Comforts take,
Which from thy faithful Promise flow.

O!

XVIII.

O! by thy blessed Spirit, help
 To draw those Consolations in,
 Which matter of Support and Joy
 To Saints, in every Age, have been.

*Of Health.*

I.

HHealth of all earthly Sweets the best,
 To which all Sweets their relish ow,
 Whose worth to estimate aright
 They only who do want it know.

II.

That Jewel which cannot be bought
 By all the Treasures of a King,
 Is, in its most confirmed state,
 A brittle, frail, uncertain Thing :

III.

Which at the Mercy, every Hour,
 Of Accidents unnumber'd lies ;
 Not only such as shock our Thoughts,
 But what as trivial we despise.

IV.

A Dust, a Breathe, a Spark, a Drop,
 And Things which still minuter are,
 Can soon disorder the Machine,
 And all our Strength and Beauty mar.

And

V.

And tho' these Accidents we 'scape,
Age, an incurable Disease,
Steals on, and all our vigorous Warmth
Chills, by insensible Degrees.

VI.

In vain we prop, in vain repair,
The House untenantable grows,
And the Inhabitant, tho' loth,
In quest of other Mansions goes.

VII.

My great Creator in my Health
May I remember, e're the Days
Of Sickness and old Age approach,
And then his pitying Goodness praise.

VIII.

Then shall these Harbingers of Death
With a most welcome Message come,
Which I with Pleasure shall receive,
As sent to bid me hasten home.

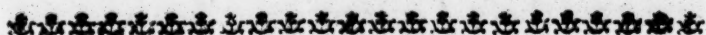
IX.

Home, to my Father's House, where I
Shall with my J E S U S ever be,
And nourish'd with celestial Fruits,
Like Him, no Age nor Sickness see.

X.

There, in a never-fading Bloom,
And unimpaired Vigour, I
Shall gladly serve and sweetly sing,
My God, to all Eternity. *Amen.*

On



On Death.

I.

WHen wasting Flesh and failing Heart
Present a melancholy Scene,
With steady Faith and humble Hope
My Soul shall on her Saviour lean.

II.

Death has no other sting but Sin,
And Sin no strength but from the Law;
Against them all I may, from CHRIST,
Sufficient Help and Comfort draw.

III.

By dying he has Death disarm'd,
Taking the Guilt of Sin away,
And answer'd all the Law demands,
When to the Death He did obey.

IV.

This I believe He did for me,
Tho' most unworthy of his Grace,
And being blest with such a Friend,
I'd gladly die to see his Face.

V.

Fear not my Soul, for surely He
Who left his Heaven to seek thee here,
Thy Passage thither will secure
And kindly entertain thee there.

Angels

VI.

Angels shall bear thee to the Place
Where He's inthron'd above the Skies:
And what He purchas'd with his Blood,
When thus brought home, can he despise?

VII.

Surely those Arms, which for thy sake
Were once extended on the Tree,
And mighty Wonders for thee wrought,
Shall open to receive thee be.

VIII.

And having once Reception found
With Him, thou shalt for ever dwell
In Joys, too great for mortal Man
To know, tho' Angels Tongues should

IX.

(tell.

Nor shall thy dear Remains be lost,
But every Dust be kept in store,
And in a glorious Body meet
Thee once again, to part no more.



I.

Great source of Being, spring of Life.
Father of Lights, and God of Love!
Praise is a Tribute due to Thee,
From us below and them above.

C

Their

II.

Their Heavens and every shining Star
 To us preach God and Providence,
 And they are not too high to learn
 The same divine Instruction hence.

III.

The Earth's Foundations Thou of old
 Fixt and unmovable hast laid;
 Its various Hosts and Furniture
 Thy Hands have form'd, thy Fingers

IV.

(made.

Her gorgeous Robe spangled with Flowers,
 Each springing Plant and spreading Tree,
 With Treasures from her Bowels drawn,
 To shew their Maker's Praise agree.

V.

The rising Mists and falling Dews,
 The Clouds that melt in softning Show'rs,
 Or burst in sweeping Cataracts, speak
 Their good and just Creator's Power.

VI.

Springs which from rocky Beds burst forth,
 Collected Streams that rapid flow,
 Or gently through the Valleys glide,
 Carry thy Praise where e'er they go.

VII.

The Ocean swells in louder Notes,
 And makes each frightened Shore to know
 The great Restrainer of its Waves,
 Whose awful Word confines them so.

The

Various Occasions. 27

VIII. (brought,

The Winds from unknown Storehouse
Bear on their Wings thy glorious Name;
And as they haste to Coasts unknown,
Proclaim in every Breath thy Fame.

IX.

Each stroke of Light and dusky Shade,
Paint the Perfections of a God,
And every changing Season tells
His Power and Faithfulness abroad.

X.

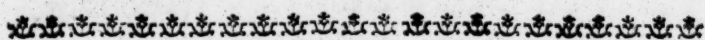
The bleating Flocks and lowing Herds,
Birds that among the Branches sing;
Yea, the wild Beasts and ravenous Fowls
Jointly to Thee Praise-Offerings bring.

XI.

But Man, in thine own Image made,
Spirit confin'd to humble Clay,
Justly demands the Angels view,
As no less wondrous Work than they.

XII.

This most we glory, that with us,
Their Lord, thy Son, did for us die,
Wonder beyond what Heaven e'er saw,
And into which they humbly pry.



The humble Confession of a Sinner.

I.

LOrd, in thy Vineyard long I've stood,
And yet a fruitless Plant remain,
Tho' water'd with the Dews of Heaven,
The early and the latter Rain.

II.

The great Vinedresser's tender Care
Has prun'd my Branch and dug my Root,
Us'd every fertilizing Art,
Yet look'd in vain for timely Fruit.

III.

Oft Thou, with just displeasure fill'd,
Hast said, *Why cumberst it the Ground,*
But Grace has heard my Saviour's Plea,
And Vengeance has not cut me down.

IV.

Oft have I thought, if God would spare
And grant another Year's Reprieve,
I would no more his Grace abuse,
No more his Holy Spirit grieve.

V.

But with incessant Tears and Sighs.
Mellow and rend my stubborn Heart,
And force the Fruits of Righteousness,
By constant Pains and holy Art,

That

VI.

That He the next return might find
My Branches bend with pleasant Fruit,
Might eat and bless me, nor repent
He granted the Vinedresser's Suit.

VII.

But wo is me! I'm still the same,
How do's each changing Season shew
The mighty difference between
Designing well, and doing so.

VIII.

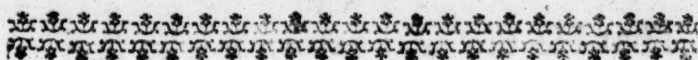
Must it, my God! be ever thus?
Are there no Methods to be found,
To make the Root dispencc the Sap,
And every Branch with Clusters crown.

IX.

Can this dry Stump be made to live?
O Lord! thou know'st, thou know'st it can,
But, Lord! I know that it must be
The Work of God, and not of Man.

X.

O let thy Spirit on my Soul
Its quickening Influences shed,
So Thou shalt ne'er seek Fruit in vain,
Nor I thy powerful Vengeance dread.



I.

PRithee, intruding World be gone,
For this one Hour at least, I'd be
From thine Impertinencies free:
My God and I must be alone.

II.

In vain should other Visitants press,
Could I some happy Method find,
To bar the entrance of my Mind,
My Lord alone should have access.

III.

Whoever else desires to be
Admitted, whether Friend or Foe,
I charge thee, Conscience, let 'em know,
I see no worldly Company.

IV.

[Unless the Muse be charg'd to bring
The *Ready Writer's Pen* along,
While I indite in sacred Song,
The Praises of my glorious King.]

V.

O Thou whose Power alone can shut,
Alone can open every Breast,
Come in, and while we sweetly feast,
Keep all that is not Heavenly out.

The Complaint of a convinced Sinner.

I.

Pity me, Lord! I fain would be,
From this most wretched Bondage free.
O! do not suffer Satan still
To lead me captive at his Will.

II.

When I by any means am brought
To entertain a serious Thought,
I loath myself in thinking how
A Heav'n-born Soul should stoop so low.

III.

Yet when my Tyrant pulls the Chains,
Which fasten'd in my Breast remains,
I follow, tho' my Mind gainsay,
And the vile Member's Law obey.

IV.

Successively I Sin, and Mourn,
Repent, and to the Draught return:
Such is my Course, from Year to Year,
Now please a Lust, then shed a Tear.

V.

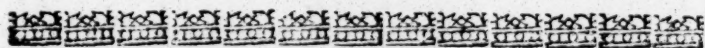
Ah wretched Man! how ill's my Case?
I freely Sin, and yet, alas,
That freedom but declares Thee Just,
And leaves me Vassal to my Lust.

VI.

- Have Mercy on me, blessed Lord,
And thy almighty Aid afford,
Break off this Chain, and let me be
Ty'd by the strongest Bonds to Thee.

VII.

That I may act like those at Rest,
Who are with perfect freedom blest;
And yet they cannot chuse but Serve,
Nor can from thy Commandments swerve.

*The Watch.*

I.

CONsider, O my Soul,
How fast thy Minutes run,
Think how 'twill be if Life be gone,
Before thy Work be done.

II.

Thy only certain Time
The present Moment is ;
The next, perhaps, may bear thee off,
To Misery, or Bliss.

III.

And should thy Day be long,
Yet it will quickly end,
And an Eternity succeeds,
Which thou canst never spend.

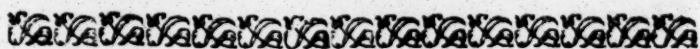
But

IV.

But as thy Time is spent,
Eternity will be,
Either fill'd up with endless Bliss,
Or endless Misery.

V.

Remember and be wise,
And while thy Time do's last,
Improve it, for it cannot be
Recall'd when once it's past.



[*The Meditation of an afflicted Soul.*

I.

However, God is Just !
And this my sinful Heart must own,
Under whatever Weight I groan,
Altho' he grind me into Dust.

II.

Yea, tho' he hurl'd me down
Into the deepest place in Hell,
For ever there in Flames to dwell,
I should but reap what I had sown.

III.

Even in that wretched place,
Tho' Sinners gnash and curse their God,
Who breaks them with an Iron Rod,
They own the Justice of his Ways.

IV.

Yea, and my God is kind,
 This every Wretch on this side Hell,
 With yet unburning Tongue must tell,
 Whatever Trouble they may find.

V.

My Comforts numberless,
 Tho' my Afflictions are severe,
 And what I know not how to bear,
 Loudly demand I should Him bless.

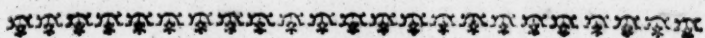
VI.

He too is only Wise,
 And knows so to direct the Ills
 Which now my Soul with Anguish fills,
 That Joy shall soon succeed my Cries.

VII.

Be it so, O my God!
 Let thy Chastisement make me Wise,
 And purge out what provokes thy Eyes,
 Then spare thou me, but not thy Rod!





Jer. v. 22. *Fear ye not me, saith the Lord,
will ye not tremble at my Presence, which
have placed the Sand for the bound of the
Sea, by a perpetual Decree that it cannot
pass it; and tho' the waves thereof toss
themselves, yet can they not prevail, tho'
they rore yet can they not pass over it.*

I.

WILL ye not fear the Lord,
And tremble at his Name, (Sea,
Whose glorious Power Heav'n, Earth and
With all their Hosts proclaim.

II.

He, like a Curtain, stretch'd
Th' unmeasurable Fold
Of Heav'n, most exquisitely wrought
With Stars of living Gold.

III.

This massy Pile of Earth
He into Being spake,
Fix'd on Foundations which no Power
But His can ever shake.

IV.

This vast collected Flood
Of mighty Waters came
Together at his Word, and still
Their Limits are the same.

For

V.

For tho' their mounting Waves
 In proud Defiance tofs,
 And like a cloyster'd Lion roar,
 Farther they cannot pass.

VI.

By force of his Decree,
 Their most impetuous Shocks
 Loose Sands as powerfully resist,
 As Adamantine Rocks.

VII.

This God who binds the Sea,
 Let all the Earth adore,
 Who, when provok'd, can make the World
 A Sea without a Shore.



Of a good Conscience.

I.

HAppy, beyond what Words can tell,
 Is he whose Conscience can avow,
 He fears the Lord alone, nor will
 To any Rival Idol bow.

II.

Who to his heav'nly Sovereign still
 Strict Faith and true Allegiance bears;
 And tho' with Rebel Hosts begirt,
 No Biais knows from Hopes or Fears.
 Whose

III.

Whose Soul still keeps her plighted Troth,
Nor after any Stranger goes :
True to her JESUS, from whose Love
All her Repose and Rapture flows.

IV.

Who the grand Sorc'refs World can view,
Insensible to Frowns and Charms,
Not melted by her softer Notes,
Nor daunted by her shrill Alarms.

V.

Who scorns, with criminal Delights,
To have his Heav'n-born Soul debas'd,
And harmless Pleasures can, without
Irregular Emotions, taste.

VI.

Who Royal Treasures can behold,
With a compos'd unlustful Eye,
As calmly view the Gems which here
Glitter, as those which deck the Sky.

VII.

Whom no ambitious Views can tempt,
By mean and sordid Arts to rise,
Who values humble Worth, and knows
Unworthy Greatness to despise.

VIII.

Whose high-born Soul can soar aloft,
Above the Sphere of Time and Sense.
Visit her native Land, and bring
Ineffable Refreshments thence.

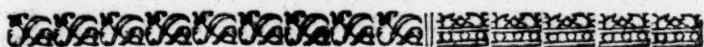
In

IX.

In all varieties of Life,
 God and himself he do's enjoy,
 And can in God-like Actions pass
 His Time, and all his Powers imploy.

X.

He the true Relish has of Life,
 Does with Repose familiar dwell,
 And Death shall gently waft his Soul
 To Joys which they who know can tell.



I.

How vain a Thing is Man,
 Even when his State is best!
 And in the very prime of Life
 How far from being blest!

II.

Amus'd with childish Views,
 And rack'd with needless Cares,
 Buoy'd up with ill-supported Hopes,
 And sunk with groundless Fears.

III.

He's stranger to Repose,
 While o'er his troubled Soul,
 Waves, by tempestuous Passions rais'd,
 Continually roll.

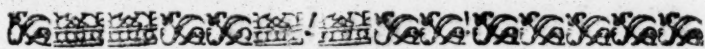
Folly

IV.

Folly and Woe divide
His few and evil Days ;
And yet when summon'd off the Stage
He grudgingly obeys.

V.

Grant me, O Lord, thy Grace,
To live a Life Divine,
While my chief End and Care's to be
Living and Dying thine. *Amen.*



A Melancholy Thought.

I.

WHen awful Views of Death & Hell,
The just Desert of every Sin,
Possess my Soul, no Words can tell
The strange Confusion I am in.

II.

Unnumber'd Sins, which long ago
Lay bury'd in Forgetfulness,
Start up in hideous Forms, and shew
A Scene no Colours can express.

III.

Like Ghosts they haunt me, and torment
Like Evil-Angels, while my Soul,
Distracted, and with Anguish rent,
Their furious Insults can't controul.
I think

IV.

I think I see my Friends in Tears,
And hear their dismal Shrieks and Cries,
The Passing-Bell rings in my Ears,
The Shroud and Coffin strike my Eyes.

V.

I fancy my old Tempters stand
Waiting to catch my fleeting Soul,
And bear it to the burning Strand,
Where the sulphureous Surges roll.

VI.

I think I see the angry Judge
With killing Frowns the Sentence pass,
Whilst Spirits benign their Pity grudge,
And Devils drag me to my Place.

VII.

There, bound in adamantine Chains,
I'm fasten'd to a burning Rock,
And under exquisite Pains
I roar, while my Tormentors mock.

VIII.

The sight of those with whom I sinn'd,
Adds to the Horror of the Place,
And Thoughts of such as Mercy find,
Aggravates my most wretched Case.

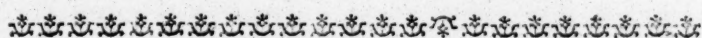
IX.

But that which is the Hell of Hell,
And every Moment racks my Heart,
Is this, here I must ever dwell,
And never, never hence depart.

Thus

X.

Thus, like a Ship in raging Seas,
My Soul is toss'd from Shelf to Shelf,
Till JESUS bids the Storm to cease,
And gently wafts me to Himself.



The Reverse.

I.

WHY thus dejected, O my Soul,
As one in darkeſt Dungeon bound?
Why can no Thought admittance find,
But what like poiſon'd Arrows wound?

II.

Riſe from the Ground and turn thy Eyes
Upwards, to Zion's Holy Hill:
There, there the King of Glory ſits,
And every Heart with Gladneſs fill.

III.

One ſtrong believing Thought will bear
Thee up and ſet thee at his Throne,
There lowly bow, and humbly beg
A Look, which He denies to none.

IV.

He'll make his Face on thee to ſhine,
And one illuminating Ray
Will chaſe the melancholy Gloom,
And turn thy Midnight into Day.
He'll

V.

He'll kindly speak, and one sweet Word
 Will soon revive thy fainting Heart;
 One Touch of his All-healing Hand,
 Will cure thy Wound and ease thy smart.

VI.

Hasten, my Soul, and trial make,
 Doubt not that Love he dy'd to prove,
 He felt worse Agonies for thee,
 And will in Pity thine remove.

VII.

He'll tell thee how thy Sins he bare,
 And Sorrows on th'accursed Tree,
 Where, to the uttermost He paid,
 What Justice could demand of thee.

VIII.

Past Sins, which now in frightful Shapes
 Haunt thee, and drive Repose away
 When He shines forth, will disappear,
 Like Spectres at the dawn of Day.

IX.

He'll breath into thee Breath of Life,
 Give Eyes to see and Wings to soar,
 Armour of Proof and Robes of Light,
 And all his Graces on thee pour.

X.

To sweet Communion with Himself,
 He will thy bowed Spirit raise;
 So shalt thou pass thy Time in Hope,
 And thy Eternity in Praise. *Amen.*
After

*After Communion with Christ at
his Table.*

I.

THou must remember, O my Soul,
Where thou this Day hast been,
And in a faithful Memory keep
The Sight which thou hast seen.

II.

How glorious was the House of God,
With his own Presence blest!
How richly was his Table spread,
How welcome ev'ry Guest!

III.

Blest Ordinance! which, as in a Glass,
A Suffering J E S U S shew'd.
Blest Light! which steady shone, while Faith
A dying Saviour view'd.

IV.

When I survey'd the wondrous Scene,
O how my Heart was warm'd!
I can't express what 'twas I felt,
Nor tell how I was charm'd.

V.

Majesty, Mildness, Love and Grief,
Sat mixed on his Brow,
So as no Pencil could express,
Tho' Angels were to draw.

Con-

VI.

Conform'd to such a sight, my Heart
 With various Passions glow'd,
 While a contrast of struggling Thoughts
 Incessant on it crowd.

VII.

Pity and Indignation wrought
 Together in my Breast:
 How did I his Betrayers then,
 And Murderers detest!

VIII.

And when I saw that my own Sins
 Were what he suffer'd for,
 How did I, with most contrite Heart,
 Them and myself abhor!

IX.

I was all Wonder when I saw
 The firmness of his Soul,
 How like a Rock He stood, while all
 The Waves did o'er him roll.

X.

Yet not insensible, but felt
 The smart of every Wound.
 In him the Lyon's Courage join'd
 With Lamb-like Meekness found.

XI.

But when he turn'd his pitying Eye
 Towards unworthy me,
 Saying with Accents, sweet as Life,
My Child, I die for thee.

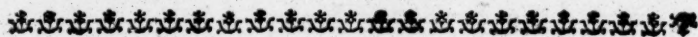
What,

XII.

What, Lord, for me! what, die for me!
I all transported cry'd,
And overpower'd with his Love,
To embrace Him would have dy'd.

XIII.

His dearest Image may I keep
For ever in my Mind,
And often dwelling on it be,
'To other Beauties blind.



To the World.

I.

A Udacious Thing! canst thou pretend
To rival the All-glorious God?
Can I, who bear his Image, stoop
To the Embraces of a Clod.

II.

With what canst thou engage my Love?
Or what pretence attempt my Heart?
Can Vanity and Sorrow be
Wrought into Charms by any Art.

III.

Go, vile Enchanter, all thy Snares
Are seen, and all thy secret Wiles
Discover'd; they are only Fools
Whom thy refin'd Address beguiles.

I know

IV.

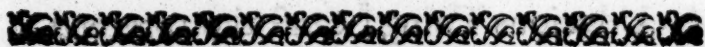
I know thy Promises are Lies,
 And Falshoods wrapt in every Breath;
 All thy poor Votaries pursue
 A Shadow in the Paths of Death.

V.

O! shall I then a shew of Bliss,
 Big with substantial Sorrows, chuse,
 And Him, whose Love is Life, and makes
 The Angels blest, for thee refuse?

VI.

No, my dear JESUS, I am thine,
 And thine I will for ever be,
 O! do but say that *Thou art mine,*
And who will take the World for me?



A Penitential Hymn.

I.

DRiv'n by Distress, to Thee, O God,
 Thy humbled Rebel flies,
 And, lost if Thou deny'st to hear,
 For Grace and Mercy cries.

II.

With Horror I behold the Judge
 Lift up his vengeful Hand;
 And when I see the Father's Frowns,
 Still more confounded stand.

What

III.

What can I do? may I stand mute
And no Defence prepare?
Or must I plead? then I confess,
Thy Judgments righteous are!

IV.

Thy Law is holy, just, and good,
My Crimes have causeless been,
Thy Goodness great and free, and so
Excuseless is my Sin.

V.

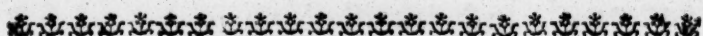
Lord, if I had not often heard
That CHRIST for Man did bleed.
I should no more have dar'd to ask,
Than I could hope to speed.

VI.

Look on his Wounds, and hear their Plea,
And for his blessed sake,
Upon a lost and ruin'd Wretch,
Dear God, some Pity take.

VII.

So shall my few remaining Days
Devoted be to Thee.
Yea, I shall live and shew thy Praise
To all Eternity.



The Eclipse.

I.

IN the most steady Christians Frame
What strange Vicissitudes we see!
What Mixtures and Varieties,
Ev'n in his best Estate, there be.

II.

When the blest Count'nance of his God
Do's on him in its lustre shine:
All's bright about him, every thing
Looks glorious, heavenly and divine.

III.

But when the Mists of Unbelief,
Or worldly Cares eclipse that Light,
'Tis hideous Darkness all around,
And nothing's seen but what affrights.

IV.

Some Conflicts past his Faith revives,
He sees the chearful Light again,
Rejoices in his God and sings
His Praise in new and lofty Strain.

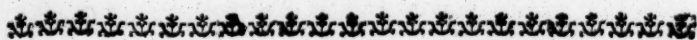
V.

So when the Moon in brightness walks,
And strews her Path with radiant Light,
Oft by malignant Shade o'ercast,
She drops the Scepter of the Night.

But

VI.

But after labouring for a while,
She reassumes her rightful Sway,
Scatters the Gloom, and o'er the Dark
Extends again her gladsome Ray.



Before the Sacrament.

I.

MY God, when I shall be thy Guest,
And at thy Table sit,
My earnest Prayer and Heart's Desire,
Is that I may be fit.

II.

O, by thy Grace, help me my great
Unworthiness to see ;
And a due sight and sense of this,
My Worthiness shall be.

III.

Strengthen my Faith, *Lord I believe;*
Help Thou mine Unbelief.
May my Repentance genuine be,
And for my Sin my Grief.

IV.

Set JESUS CHRIST before my Eyes,
As Crucify'd for me :
Lead up my Thoughts to *Golgotha*,
Where stood th' accursed Tree.

D.

May

V.

May I draw near and view that Face
Which once transfigur'd shone,
Marred with mingled Sweat and Tears,
And Blood distilling down.

VI.

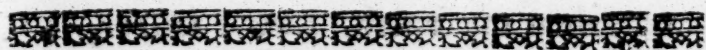
Shew me the Thorns, the Nails, and Spear,
With which his Blood were dy'd,
Who was, by those He came to save,
Betray'd, forsook, deny'd.

VII.

May those amazing Words He spake,
Sound in my Ears, when He
Cry'd out, *My God, my God, O why
Hast Thou forsaken me.*

VIII.

And when I view the awful Scene;
May all within me move,
And my transported Heart be fill'd
With Wonder, Joy and Love.



Good-Friday.

I.

THIS ever memorable Day
Should I pronounce accurst,
When the Man JESUS, best of Men,
Was murder'd by the worst.

Or

Various Occasions.

51.

II.

Or should I bleſs the early Dawn
Which uſher'd in that Day
Wherein the Blood of GOD was ſhed,
To waſh my Sins away.

III.

Strange contrariety of Thought
By turns paſs thro' my Mind,
I various Paſſions in my Heart
Tumultuating find.

IV.

Curs'd be the Treason of his Friend,
And Malice of his Foes!
Curs'd be the Prince and Pow'rs of Hell,
From whence this Scene aroſe.

V.

But moſt accuſed be that Root
Of Bitterneſs in us,
From whence proceeded all thoſe Sins
For which He ſuffer'd thus.

VI.

But bleſt for ever be my God,
Moſt Powerful, Wiſe, and True,
Who to produce the greateſt Good,
From greateſt Evil knew.

VII.

Bleſt be my CHRIST, whoſe Spirit makes
The Blood He ſhed to be
A cleaſing Bath, a healing Balm,
And Cordial-drink to me.

D 2

Awake,

I.

A Wake, awake, my drowsy Soul,
And do not dream thy Time away;
Hast thou not Work enough to do,
And Work that must be done to Day.

II.

Observe how fast thy Sun declines,
How long the Evening-Shadows are;
The Night will very quickly come,
And may surprize thee unaware.

III.

Hast thou adjusted that Account,
Which in a while thou must give in,
And hast thou su'd a Pardon out,
For every known and unknown Sin?

IV.

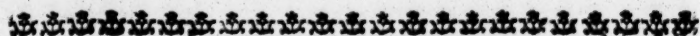
Hast thou brought under ev'ry Lust?
Does every Grace advance and grow?
With girded Loins and burning Lamp,
Canst say, *Come, Lord, I'm ready now.*

V.

If not, for shame bestir thyself,
Sure the Time past may well suffice,
To have a trifling Loiterer been,
In sight of a most glorious Prize.

VI.

But ah! in vain I chide myself,
Unless my dearest JESUS draw.
Draw me, O Lord, and I shall run,
With an enlarged Heart, thy Ways.



A Morning Thought.

I.

Blessed be God I wake and see
 Once more the chearful morning Light
 Guarded by his almighty Arm,
 Thro' all the Dangers of the Night.

II.

Quitting the Bed of Sloth, I'll rise
 And go to meet my dearest Lord.
 In those Retirements where he's us'd
 His gracious Presence to afford.

III.

First in the Fountain I will wash,
 Open'd for *David's* House, and those
 Who do in *David's* City dwell,
 Whence cleansing Water ever flows.

IV.

Zach. 13. 1.

Then dress in *Robes of Righteousness*,
 And *Garments of Salvation* wear;
 Put on each Ornament of Grace,
 And in my best Array appear. *Isa. 61. 10*

V.

Comely in his own Comeliness,
 Which He put on me in the Day
 Of my Espousals, I would be
 For this, O God, for this I pray!

D 3

Awake,

A

VI.

*'Awake, O North Wind, come thou South,
And upon this my Garden blow,
That when my best Beloved comes
The spicy Odours forth may flw.*

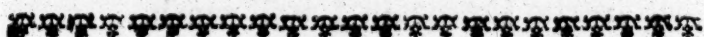
VII.

Cant. 4. 16.

*Then let him eat his pleasant Fruits,
And manifest his tender Love,
Tokens and Earnests sweetly give,
Of what He will bestow above.*

VIII.

*And when I from the Mount descend,
May my Face shine with Holiness,
And heavenly walking all the Day,
My having been with Him confess.*

*The Church-Yard.*

I.

HAil, precious Dust! hail, blest Remains
Of Saints! the Day will quickly dawn,
When at the Trumpet's solemn Sound,
Ye shall from these dark Cells be drawn.

II.

Those once fair Fabricks, which are now
Demolish'd and in Ruins laid,
Shall to a vast Advantage be
Rebuilt, and glorious Structures made.
On

III.

On these vile Bodies then shall pass
A most amazing Change, for they
Shall like his glorious Body shine,
Whose Word both Death and Grave obey.

IV.

Tho' in *Corruption* they are sown,
And mouldering mix with common Clay,
Rais'd Incorruptible they shall
Commence Immortal from that Day.

V.

Tho' they were in *Dishonour* sown,
They'll like the Sun in Glory rise,
Clear all and bright without a Spot,
Wrinkle, or ought that needs Disguise.

VI.

Tho' sown in *Weakness*, by Disease
Worn out, or Age, they'll rise in *Power*,
And with eternal Vigour blest,
Fatigue and Faintness know no more.

VII.

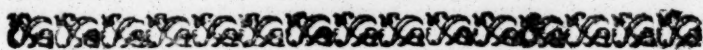
Natural they were sown, but will
Be rais'd *Spiritual*, free from all
That's Gross, and so refin'd as ne'er
For Food, or Sleep, or Rest to call.

VIII.

Th' aspiring Mind no more shall be
Check'd by a Clog of earthly Mould,
Body shall be no more a Weight,
But winged Chariot to the Soul.

IX.

'Twill be a Help-meet in the Work
Of Heav'n, and all its Joys partake;
My Flesh and Heart cry out, O God,
Hasten the Time, for JESUS sake.

*Before the Sacrament.*

I.

NOW let me take and eat
The Body of my Lord,
Wherein He suffer'd in my stead
What Justice did award.

II.

Now let me take and drink
That precious Blood which He,
To take away the guilt of Sin,
So freely shed for me.

III.

Thus I remember Him,
And thus shew forth his Death,
Whom I am bound to Love and Praise,
Ev'n to my latest Breath.

IV.

Look, O my Soul, on Him
Whom thou hast pierc'd, and mourn,
And wash with penitential Tears,
The Body thou hast torn.

Yet,

V.

Yet, when thou look'st, rejoice,
Thy Sin is now no more,
His most invaluable Blood
Hath cancell'd ev'ry Score.

VI.

Behold Him here, and vow
That thou to Him wilt live,
Who did, to ransom thee from Death,
His Life an Offering give.

VII.

View Him, and firmly hope
For all thou e'er canst need,
The Promises thus ratifi'd
Are sure to all the Seed.

VIII.

Look here and learn to Love,
Learn also to Forgive,
His Goodness imitate, who dy'd
To make his Enemies live.

IX.

Muse, O my Soul, and burn,
Was ever Love like this,
And shall it e'er be said; such Love
Returns of Love did miss!

X.

And O this solemn sight
For ever bear in Mind,
Till thou shalt in his glorious Arms,
Thyself encompass'd find.

XI.

Then, then, and not till then,
 His Love thou'lt fully know ;
 Then shall this cold, this frozen Heart,
 In endless Raptures glow.



Christ says, Do this in remembrance
 of Me.

Soul's Answer.

I.

YEs, my dear Lord, I will : Alas !
 Can I omit remembering Thee ?
 Can I forget thy Love, and be
 All that's ungrateful, vile and base ?

II.

Long before Worlds and Time began,
 In thy Great Father's Bosom, Thou
 Hadst thoughts of Love to us, who now
 Adore thy wondrous Grace to Man.

III.

And when this Fabric, vast and fair,
 According to Divine Decree,
 Was built and furnished by Thee,
 Man was thy Joy and fav'rite Care.

Thy

IV.

Thy Pity follow'd, when decoy'd
By the Apostate Prince of Hell,
He from his due Allegiance fell,
Thou wouldst not see him be destroy'd.

V.

Thou vouch'd'st for his Ransom then,
In Time's due fulness to be paid,
Taking his Sins upon thy Head,
As Surety unto God for Men.

VI.

(Cup,

And when Thou saw'st the Vengeance-
Tho' Nature could not chuse but shrink,
Strong Love engaged Thee to drink,
To drink the baleful Mixture up.

VII.

And this for me, that I might not
Burn in an everlasting Hell,
But in eternal Glory dwell:
And can this Kindness be forgot.

VIII.

As soon shall all the blest above,
Unstring their Harps and lay them by,
And cease to Hymn thy Throne, as I
Forget to celebrate thy Love.



I.

Preserve me, O my gracious God,
 In going out and coming in,
 Protect my Body from all Harm,
 But chiefly keep my Soul from Sin.

II.

I stay within, and go abroad,
 Encompass'd with ten thousand Deaths,
 The meanest Atom, didst Thou give
 Commission, soon would stop my Breath.

III.

Yea, if one little Moment Thou
 Thy Preservations didst suspend,
 How soon, without their Agency,
 Would Life and all its Comforts end.

IV.

Soon would Thy leaving me be seen,
 In sliding Steps and broken Bones,
 Sore Sickneses and grinding Pains,
 Extorting Sighs, and Tears, and Groans.

V.

My little All, without thy Care,
 Would soon take Wing and fly away,
 While Thieves break thro' or Fire consume,
 Or Floods o'erwhelm, or Men betray.
 Scandal

VI.

Scandal would wholly blast my Name,
Prison or Exile be my Doom,
Friends would withdraw, Acquaintance fly,
And none to Help or Pity come.

VII.

May my Concerns, Lord, be thy Care,
Who ever carest for thine own,
Still let thy Power and faithful Love
Be in my Preservation shown.

VIII.

However, Lord, thy Will be done,
And if for my unnumber'd Faults,
Or for my Trial, I must be
Into the deepest Sorrows brought,

IX.

I will thine Indignation bear,
Not Sin, nor charge Thee foolishly;
I'll wait to see thy End, O Lord,
And tho' Thou slay'st me, trust in Thee.



PART II.

X.

But whatsoe'er shall be my Lot,
I beg, and cannot be deny'd,
That into known presumptuous Sins
I never may be drawn aside.

Thou

XI.

Thou see'st my helpless Soul beset
 With Enemies, who all agree
 To draw me into hidden Snares,
 Or drive me into those I see.

XII.

Thou know'st, O Lord, thy simple Dove
 Is not the subtle Serpent's Match,
 But must be taken in his Nets.
 Except thine Eye both guide and watch.

XIII.

May that good Spirit, who alone
 Searches thy deep things, He to whom
 The Depths of Satan Shallows are,
 Ever to my Direction come.

XIV.

How can thy poor unarmed Sheep,
 The roaring Lion e'er withstand,
 It needs must be his easy Prey,
 If Thou withhold'st thy powerful Hand.

XV.

May the great Lion of *Judah's* Tribe,
 The Captain of thy Hosts, O Lord,
 Whenever I am sorely prest,
 Succour and timely Aids afford.

XVI.

I dwell in an Incharmed Land,
 Where the great Sorceress keeps her Court,
 Around me numerous Phantoms fly,
 And Vanities of every sort.

False

XVII.

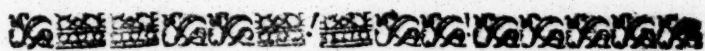
False Hopes allure, vain Fears alarm,
Empty Delights amuse my Soul,
Fruitless and needless Cares distract,
Which all my Reason can't controul.

XVIII.

But what most aggravates my Case,
Is a most base deceitful Heart,
Which, howsoe'er I watch and strive,
Baffles my Strength and mocks my Art.

XIX.

Have Pity on me, O my God,
And save my Soul from every Foe,
So Devil, and World, and Flesh, in vain
Shall seek my Darling's overthrow.



King's Birth Day. 1722.

I.

MY Muse take down thy Harp again,
Tune it, and try if thou canst sing,
This Day must needs deserve it well,
For 'tis the Birth-Day of the King.

II.

When Friends of *Rome*, restor'd to Power,
Revel'd in Wine, and Lust, and Blood,
They little thought a Child just born
Should reign, and crush the Popish Brood.
While

III.

While the best Friends of *Britain's* Peace,
 Were Mourning, or rejoic'd with Fear,
 This happy, this auspicious Day,
 Prepar'd us a Deliverer.

IV.

The Infant Prince was Heaven's Care,
 Ministring Spirits were its Guard,
 The hopeful Child, the sprightly Youth,
 The full-grown Man was still their Ward.

V.

Under Heaven's choicest Influence He
 Was form'd and moulded for a Throne,
 And while no Crown in prospect was,
 In Royal Qualities He shone.

VI.

Great *William*, (Blessing on that Name)
 When He had stemm'd the mighty Tide,
 Foresaw the Danger would return,
 And wisely did Relief provide.

VII.

He knew the Rage and Craft of *Rome*,
 The Frailty of a Female Heart,
 He knew deceitful Statesmens Tricks,
 And how *Their* Church would act her

VIII.

(part.)

And while his labouring *Soul* was rackt
 With Thoughts to save a sinking Land,
 Heav'n brought our *Hero* to his Thoughts,
 As equal to the high Command.

So

IX.

So destin'd for the Work He came,
Just when our Foes had fix'd a Scheme,
Which his approach did disconcert,
And made it vanish like a Dream.

X.

And ever since in vain they Plot,
In vain against his Crown conspire,
The Means they use to pull Him down,
Shall only serve to raise Him higher.



I.

Long have I sought, but sought in vain,
To find where sweet *Repose* do's dwell,
Of every Creature I have ask'd,
But none its blest Abode could tell.

II.

I sought it in the glittering Court,
I sought it in the golden Mines,
I sought it in the flowing Bowl,
And in the Place where Beauty shines.

III.

In Mirth, in Musick, and in Song,
In Crowds and in Retirement sweet,
In Friends, and Books, and every thing
But could not what I sought for meet.

At

IV.

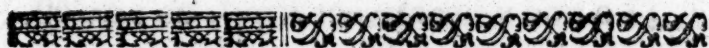
At last I heard a Voice behind
 My busy Soul, which sweetly said,
 Come follow me, and thou shalt soon
 Unto her Temple be convey'd.

V.

I turn'd and saw a Beam of Light,
 Which led my Eye beyond the Stars,
 There, said my *Guide*, Repose do's dwell,
 Above the reach of worldly Cares.

VI.

Thither, in quest of Peace I go,
 And tho' I slowly make my Way,
 I'll steadily pursue the Paths
 That lead to everlasting Day.



I.

With feeble Voice and artless Notes
 When I attempt thy Praise,
 I wonder, O my God, thou canst
 Accept my homely Lays.

II.

Thousands of Thousands hymn thy Throne
 With Songs celestial,
 And their united Harmony
 Short of thy Glory fall.

What

III.

What then is Man that Thou shouldst lend
To him a gracious Ear,
Regard his Songs of Praise, and deign
His humble Prayer to hear.

IV.

But when I think how J E S U S sits
My Advocate above,
I cannot wonder Thou regard'st
That Object of thy Love.

V.

That which is mine, is, I confess,
Mean to the last Degree,
But when He makes it his, it must
Be pleasing unto Thee.



I.

O Lord, I blush to think
How I've forgotten Thee,
Who, through the Course of all my Life,
Hast mindful been of me.

II.

Thou form'st me in the Womb,
And kindly brought'st me thence;
And ever since I've been the Care
Of thy good Providence.

My

III.

My helpless Infancy
 Was succour'd by thy Love,
 Those blessed Spirits tended me
 Which see thy Face above.

IV.

Thou didst with growing Heat
 My tender Vitals warm,
 And taught'st my unexperienc'd Limbs
 Their Office to perform.

V.

Thou didst my Childhood guard,
 When I was void of Thought,
 And when I into Dangers run,
 Thy Hand Salvation brought.

VI.

Thou taught'st me first to Think,
 And led'st my Thoughts to Thee:
 Thou shew'dst me what I ought to chuse,
 And what I ought to flee.

VII.

When youthful Passions rag'd,
 And Reason's Sway disdain'd,
 I was by thy preventing Grace
 From fatal Crimes restrain'd.

VIII.

My Shepherd Thou hast been,
 And all my Wants supply'd,
 In all the Troubles of my Life
 Hast never help deny'd.

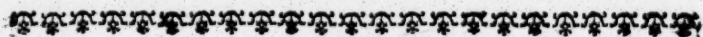
Thou

IX.

Thou taught'st me how to Pray,
And lift my Soul to Thee,
And when I poured out my Heart,
Hast heard me graciously.

X.

O still remember me,
As Thou hast heretofore,
O be my Guide, even unto Death,
And God for evermore.



Sacrament Day.

I.

BEhold the Morning shines,
Of that dear blessed Day,
In which I must, to CHRIST my Lord,
A solemn Homage pay.

II.

I to his House must go,
And at his Table feast;
Bestir thyself, my Soul, that thou
May'st be a worthy Guest.

III.

Arise and dress thyself
In all thy best Attire,
Shine in each Ornament, that He
Thy Beauty may desire.

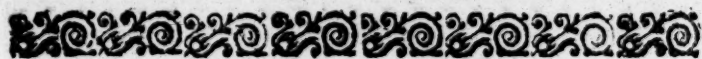
O Lord

IV.

O Lord increase my Faith,
And every Doubt remove,
Give vent to penitential Tears,
And kindle up my Love.

V.

O fix my wandring Thoughts,
My dull Affections raise,
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name,
And fill my Mouth with Praise.



I.

WHen on the *few and evil Days*
Of my past *Pilgrimage*,
I serious Reflections make,
And close my Thoughts engage,

II.

What various Passions in my Breast,
From the survey arise,
One View spreads Gladness o'er my Heart,
And at the next it dies.

III.

Now starts a Thought, which makes me take
My Harp and try to sing
The Praises of a gracious GOD,
And thankful Tribute bring.

But

Various Occasions.

71

IV.

But e'er my Instrument is tun'd,
A melancholy turn
Is given by another Thought,
And I sit down and mourn.

V.

The Dangers which I have escap'd,
With Horror I review,
And when I think of former Wounds,
Thought makes 'em bleed anew.

VI.

Then in a different Light I see
Past Grievs and Fears; and raise
My thankful Voice to celebrate
My great Deliv'rer's Praise.

VII.

Now all the Follies of my Life
Crowd in upon my Mind,
And with unsufferable Weight
My wounded Spirit grind.

VIII.

Then Thoughts, that GOD is Merciful
And freely will forgive,
Compose me, and I sweetly think,
Who dy'd that I might live.

IX.

And when that Thought has dwelt awhile
Upon my calmed Soul,
Afresh new Winds arise, and o'er
My Heart tempestuous roll.

Thus

X.

Thus I am tofs'd from Wave to Wave,
 And find no settled rest;
 Now lifted up to Heav'n, and then
 As low as Hell deprest.

XI.

Lord, smile upon my troubled Soul,
 And by thy pow'rful Voice,
 Make the distressing Storm subside,
 And still the Water's noise.

XII.

Before a steady gentle Gale
 May I the Harbour make,
 And safe at my blest Port arrive,
 And soon; for J E S U S sake.





A Travelling Thought.

I.

THe Christian's Life a Pilgrimage,
And through it all he'll find,
Weather and Ways both fair and foul,
Adventures cros and kind.

II.

Thro' pinching Cold and scorching Heat,
Strong Winds and heavy Rain,
While Lightnings flash and Thunders roar
He must his Course maintain.

III.

Many a time he'll miss his Way,
Wanting a faithful Guide,
Benighted too in slippery Paths
His Steps will often slide.

IV.

Perils from Thieves he must expect,
Who lie in wait to steal,
And, robb'd and wounded, want a good
Samaritan to heal.

V.

In Thirst and Hunger hard bestead
His Soul may in him faint,
And to repose his weary Limbs
A resting place may want.

E

The

VI.

The sweet Companions of his Way
 May part, or prove unkind ;
 When fall'n he may have none to raise,
 When plung'd no Helper find.

VII.

And when thro' long extended Tracts,
 Of which he sees no end,
 He takes his solitary Way,
 No Thought can Comfort lend.

VIII.

Unless some friendly Spirit chear,
 Some Minister of Grace,
 Sent out to guide him in his Way,
 And guard him to his place.

IX.

Be Thou, O Lord, my Light, my Strength,
 my Leader and my Guard ;
 And lo ! to follow Thee I am
 At all Events prepar'd.

X.

And when my Pilgrimage is done,
 I'll set me down and sing,
 That Grace which to his native Hav'n
 Did the poor Pilgrim bring.

My



I.

MY dearest JESUS let me speak,
And do not, do not, angry be,
I must, or else my Heart will break,
Declare my inward secret Grievs to

II. (Thee.

I do not of my Lot complain,
I beg no Vengeance on my Foes,
'Tis neither Want, nor Shame, nor Pain,
From whence my fore distressing Anguish

III. (flows.

'Tis neither worldly Grief, nor Care
That heavy on my Soul does sit,
I can both want, and stoop, and bear,
As Providence from time to time sees fit.

IV.

Tho' Thou art Righteous, let me plead,
While I thy Justice still avow,
Why dost not Thou sufficient Grace
In every time of need to me allow?

V.

Why must Corruption still be strong?
And why Temptations so prevail?
Does not all Power to Thee belong?
And can thy Truth or tender Mercy fail?

E 2

I pur-

VI.

I purpose, struggle, vow and pray,
 Yet still ungovern'd Passions rise,
 Vanity bears my Thoughts away,
 And all within in sad disorder lies.

VII.

Thou that know'st all things know'st I love,
 I love Thee, and I even hate
 Myself, because so oft I prove,
 To my best Friend, so treach'rous and

VIII.

(ingrate.

Canst Thou be pleas'd with Sin, or are
 My Wounds and Bruises thy delight,
 That Thou thus turn'st away my Pray'r
 When I a clean Heart beg, and Spirit up-

IX.

(right.

Thou know'st, O Lord, I do not lye.
 How false soe'er my Heart may be,
 When I protest I'd rather dye,
 Than live continually offending Thee.

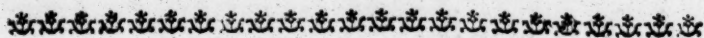
X.

Thus in her Bitterness, my Soul
 Complain'd, and JESUS meekly heard,
 And mildly said, *I well behold*
Thy Love, I'm pleas'd, and do Thou be

XI.

(chear'd.

Only have Patience till the Day,
 The Day of thy Departure come;
 The Reasons then of my Delay,
 At large I'll tell thee, when I've fetch'd
 thee home. A



A Thought in Sickness.

I.

THo' Flesh and Blood cannot sustain
The shock of Sickness, Sore and Pain,
And Reason's hardly brought to bear
The Thought, that Death's approach is

II.

(near.

Yet I from sacred Records know
What God's sufficient Grace can do.
To Him I'll therefore make my Prayer,
To Him for timely Help repair.

III.

His Indignation bear I must,
For I have sinn'd, and He is just.
Lord ! help me meekly to resign,
Nor may I, tho' I groan, repine.

IV.

This also I have understood,
His Son has dy'd, and He is good,
Is good and ready to forgive,
And oft has bid the dying live.

V.

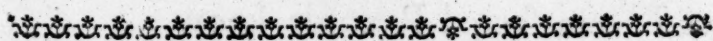
When all the Cares of tender Friends
And wise Physicians miss their Ends,
His mighty Arm the Lord reveals,
Sends forth his powerful Word and heals.

VI.

Lord, spare me, if it be thy Will,
Nor let the present Arrow kill,
But let thy raised Servant prove
A Monument of thy Power and Love.

VII.

And may what's added to my Days,
In humble Duty, Love and Praise,
Serenely pass; and when I dy,
My Soul to thy Embraces fly.



Isa. 40. *Comfort ye.*

I.

Wherefore that Sigh and solemn Air?
Why sits that Gloom upon thy Brow
What cause of Grief, or ground of Fear,
My dear dejected Soul, hast thou?

II.

Does Guilt oppress thee? sure the Blood
Of JESUS can thy Conscience purge,
The Righteousness of CHRIST, thy God,
Against all Accusations urge.

III.

Is thy new Birth in question? try
By what the Spirit has in thee wrought,
Can any Lifeless Infant cry,
Or be to love its Father taught?

Thou

IV.

Thou mourn'st Corruptions sadly strong,
But has it not its deadly Wound?
Its dying Struggles shan't be long,
But thou be soon with Vict'ry crown'd.

V.

Great is the Devil's Rage, 'tis true,
But himself knows his Time is short;
Faint not, tho' push'd, the Fight renew,
And soon he'll make his last effort,

VI.

Tho' in the Path where now thou go'st,
Sirens allure and *Monsters* scare,
Soon thou'lt arrive at that blest Coast
Where none of Hell's Enchantments are.

VII.

Thou tak'st thy Way disconsolate,
Under the thickest Shades of Night,
Soon He that Darkness does create,
Shall be thy Everlasting Light.

VIII.

Chear up, I see the Morning Star
Hast'ning to usher in the Day,
I hear my JESUS from afar,
Cry, *Haste, my Love, and come away.*

Even so come, Lord JESUS!



I.

JESUS! that sweetest dearest Name,
My chief Delight and only Joy,
On Him my best and freest Hours,
And choicest Thoughts, I will employ.

II.

Far He outshines the Morning Stars,
And all those elder Sons of God,
Who sung and shouted when the Earth
He fix'd, and spread the Heavens abroad.

III.

They at his Throne submissive bow,
And all his high Commands obey,
Gladly they his Commission bear,
E'en to the utmost Realms of Day.

IV.

Nor at his Word do they disdain
T'attend his humble Friends below,
But where Saints make their mean abode,
As well as their own Mansions know.

V.

Nor is this wonderful, since He,
Their glorious Lord, forsook his Throne
To visit Earth, and on the Cross
Dy'd, that He might our Sins atone.

When

VI.

When I upon that Cross and Throne,
 Successive cast my wondring Ey,
 What various Emotions rise,
 And fill my Breast alternately!

VII.

I *pity* suff'ring Innocence,
Admire the firmness of his Mind;
 With *Indignation* see his Foes
 So cruel, and his Friends so unkind.

VIII.

I *weep* to see Him bleed and dy,
 And *blush* to think my Sins the Cause,
 I *tremble* at the Wrath of God,
 Avenging thus his broken Laws.

IX.

On th'other hand, how I'm *amaz'd*,
 When I his peerless Glory view,
 How *Fear* and *Joy* contest, when Faith,
 My Judge, at once, and Saviour shews.

X.

I'm *dazled* with the Light that shines
 Around his high uplifted Throne,
 And *charm'd* when I that Light behold,
 And Joy, which for the Just is sown.

XI.

But whether Him whom I have pierc'd,
 I mourn, or Him exalted sing,
 Each Passion issues all in Love
 To J E S U S, *Sacrifice* and King.

Psal.



Pfal. 145. 3.

His Greatness is unsearchable.

I.

THE Lord our God is very Great,
 How Great, no mortal Tongue can
 Nor are they equal to the Task, (tell,
 Who ever in his Presence dwell.

II.

Beyond the farthest Stars of Light,
 Which from unmeasur'd distance shine,
 He is; and no imagin'd Space
 Can his Immensity define.

III.

Angels who pass from World to World,
 Swifter than Sun-beams bringing Day,
 Can ne'er the Limits of that Light,
 In which their Maker dwells, survey.

IV.

Capacious be their Minds, their Hearts
 Large as the Sands that bound the Sea,
 Yet making this Attempt, in vain
 Would all their Calculations be.

The

Various Occasions. 93

V. (Length

The Heighth, the Depth, the Breadth and
Of God's Perfections, Thoughts and
(Ways,

Disdaining Number, Line and Scale,
Wonder admit alone and Praise.

VI.

O then, my Soul, admire and bless
His boundless Wisdom, Grace and Power,
Fear, Love and Trust in Him, and what
Thou canst not comprehend, adore.

VII.

Adore and Tremble at the Thought
Of having such an Enemy :
Adore and Triumph in the Faith,
That He'll thy Friend and Portion be.

F I N I S .

